



## We Must Furnish the Spade" — Billy Sunday

By REV. WILLIAM A. SUNDAY

Uncle Sam's Liberty war chest needs filling again!

We have the cash to fill it as many times as he lifts the lid.

There are only two horns to this dilemma—you are either a patriot or a traitor.

The men on the firing line and on the battle-ships have turned from business, home, mother, wife, children, and they stand ready to give their lives and shield with their bodies us who remain at home.

We are unworthy to be thus protected, if we do not do our utmost to sustain them.

We must be one in our determination to win this war. We are traitors to the cause for which they are giving their lives, if we do things here that make their efforts harder.

Life is not worth living unless there is something to live for. *Life would not be worth living if that bunch of Heinies should win.*

That is why they cannot win. That is why we cannot lose.

What a mountain of crime God has on his books against that horde of Hellish Huns. What grave is deep enough for this thousand-armed, thousand-footed,

thousand-headed, thousand-horned, thousand-fanged pirate of the air, assassin of the seas, despoiler of the earth and ambassador of Hell!

The army and navy will dig the grave, but we must furnish the spade.

Our boys will soon hang crape on the door of the Potsdam Palace, and the bands will play Yankee-Doodle and Dixie along the Rhine.

Uncle Sam is the cactus in the Kaiser's pillow.

Our Boys have gone over to clean up on that fool bunch of Huns and it is up to us to supply them with whatever they need to finish the job. It takes money to keep the riveters riveting—the sawyers sawing—the machine guns spitting bullets and the grub wagon always on hand with the eats. There is nothing too good for our brave defenders.

Our vocabulary contains no words adequate to express our approval of the achievements of our government since we threw our hat in the ring. We are rich on top of the ground; we are rich under the ground and our rivers creep like silver serpents to the seas, bearing our products.

The children of England, France, Italy and Belgium are laughing once more because they are being fed from Uncle Sam's bakeshop. One carload of meat every two minutes, one hog out of every four, nine million pounds of meat a day—all going over to feed our boys. We are in this scrap to the last dollar, the last grain of wheat, the last day.

We will never stop until Germany dips her dirty blood-stained rag to the Stars and Stripes. It's a whale of a job we've tackled, but we can and must put it over.

But you must help.

Don't whine. Don't knock. You can't saw wood with a hammer. Don't turn the hose on the fire; add fuel.

**Buy Bonds!**

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